

THE FIELD AFAR



MARYKNOLL



CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

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UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, and SCHOOLS

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"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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IN EASTERN ASIA.

THE first band of four Maryknoll priests left for China in September, 1918, and were assigned to a field in Kwangtung. Today, Maryknollers count on the field one hundred and three—forty-eight priests, seven Brothers, and forty-eight Sisters—with missions in China (Kwangtung and Kwangsi Provinces), and Korea. The center of communication and of supplies for the various missions in China is the Maryknoll Mission Procure, Box 595, Hongkong. The central house of the Sisters in China is the Maryknoll Convent, 103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

Communications for Korea may be addressed to the V. Rev. P. J. Byrne, Tenshudo, Shingishu, Korea.

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THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1926



FROM THE HOME BASE

COMINGS AND GOINGS — TRAVELERS AND TRAVELS — VOCATIONS AND AVOCATIONS


OCTOBER finds us well launched on another scholastic year. The enrollment is gratifying, with the number of seminarians in Philosophy and Theology gradually nearing the hundred mark.

While you are reading these lines, our latest group of missionaries will be well on their way to new fields. The ceremony of departure was held early in September, on the seminary lawn, as in previous years, so that all might have an opportunity to witness the impressive scene. The sermon, a message of Godspeed and encouragement, was preached by the Rev. William A. Griffin, L. L. D., Newark Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

After the assignment to the missions by the Maryknoll Superior, the young priests bade their companions farewell, and then, blessed by their Eucharistic Captain, the six new apostles set their faces toward the Pacific Coast.

Shortly after departure day, the annual retreat which marks the opening of the school year was held. This retreat served also as preparation for those young men who were to receive diaconate and the minor orders.

Another departure which marked a new page in Maryknoll's history followed the appointment of a priest and three students to Maryknoll-at-the-Catholic University. For some years we have had students attending classes at the university, but it was necessary to secure housing accommodations for them where we could. Now, as we have already told our readers, we have secured a house of our own in Washington, and the little group of four who have left

 the Knolltop for the Capitol will find pioneer work before them for a while.

Rev. Walter J. Coleman, A. F. M., who recently returned from a course of studies in Rome, will be the superior of the Washington group during its first year and will have with him Rev. Joseph P. Ryan, Rev. Francis J. Connors, and Rev. Charles F. McCarthy.

The guestbook at Maryknoll is a small affair, with not a few "big" names. If the organizers had realized how many visitors would be coming to Maryknoll, they would have provided something more worthy.

A recent inspection reveals names from Rome, the Philippine Islands, Ireland, Texas, California, Missouri, and Arkansas. Guests come in autos, in trains, in busses—any old way, but rarely as pilgrims afoot.

They come at all hours except midnight, when only bandits are abroad in our neighborhood, and, though not far from Sing Sing, the famous prison, such gentry are not inclined to "hang round" us.

Among recent guests was the new Bishop of Salt Lake City, the Rt. Rev. John J. Mitty, D. D. Bishop Mitty when at the Dunwoodie Seminary helped us in ordination ceremonies when we were young and bashful. Later, as pastor at Highland Falls, he brought Circles to our Knoll and so interested his parish in our activities.

Now he goes a good distance towards the jumping off place for his Maryknoll friends and is in danger of having one or two drop in occasionally when passing by.



Maryknollers travel much by land and sea—in all kinds of conveyances. They don't mind the journeys so much as they do the loss of time and money.

The loss of time is not so bad after all. A man must sleep somewhere, why not on a train? There, too, occasionally, he can eat, read his breviary, do some studying, read himself abreast of the times, answer questions, give some information, write letters, typewrite even—and in other ways keep proper pace with Father Time.

But—oh! the loss of money—as the miles roll by.

Fortunately, however, we are not so badly off as some people. Except in New England, the railroads give us clergy rates—east of Chicago, one-half; west of Chicago, one-third.

Then, too, occasionally, in the long trans-continental journey, we manage to secure a trip pass. On the trains, not infrequently, some kind friend pays for our meals.

Between cities and towns, there is nearly always a "car" for the free ride that appeals so much to every missionary. The car might be a lowly Henry or a lordly some other name. It makes little difference so long as it goes—and arrives.

We must confess, however, that we are inclined to envy certain individuals who carry a bookful of annual passes on the great roads of this expansive country—and we think that in view of all that Maryknoll adds to the treasury of railroad companies, some few of us, especially our Number One, should be similarly provided.

When construction was at its height—credit also—there would be in front of the Maryknoll Seminary a score of automobiles.

One day a Dutch missionary, with a glorious beard, entered our

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS



OUT INTO THE NIGHT

The departure ceremony held on the Seminary lawn

compound for the first time and feared that he had run into a formal reception.

It was the line-up of workmen on the job!—plasterers, electricians, stonemasons, carpenters, and unskilled laborers.

Some one says that Henry Ford, by leaving a machine at every American doorstep, has solved the Soviet question in this country. Perhaps—but Henry should not have the full credit.

Well, we are glad to note that our constructionists received all that should go to them, so long as they gave us what should come to us, and the workmen in the new Maryknoll building were, as a rule, fair in this respect, some of them keenly interested.

We were tempted at times to call for the discharge of one or other, but we learned that such dismissals often eventuate in "tying up the job." The owner of a building is free to make such requests, but this does not mean that they must be heeded.

This is the workman's day and he is making the most of it. We hope that it will be a long, peaceful day, but that conditions will call for restraint. There is a limit to every man's desires or something will break. We had too much of the tyranny of capital. May the good sense of justice and fair play in our workmen save us from tyranny of labor!

In the meantime, building ope-

rations at Maryknoll as at the Vénard, our Preparatory College, have ceased, and we are enjoying not only the quiet and privacy resultant, but the comfortable feeling that the first of the month can pass without another big bill. Nobody likes big bills except the man to be paid.

"Are the Seminary and College finished then?" you ask.

About two-thirds, and we are thankful to have reached this

point—thankful to God and to those whom He has inspired to make possible this accomplishment.

For a year, we shall have peace even with yet unplastered walls, and, in the meantime, as the means arrive, we shall get ready for the next series of "receptions"—the line-up of workmen.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

Many a boy is now at the parting of the ways. "What shall I be?" is the vital question. Many avenues lie open to him, and he does not know which to take—trades, business, a profession?

There was a time when his ambition was to be a fireman or a policeman, not to speak of an ice-man or that wonderful being who operates a steam engine. And now he finds no interest in these occupations, worthy and useful as they are. He is at a standstill, with no particular inclination or with too many.

What of the priesthood? Perhaps he never dared to think of it, fearing that he be not worthy. Or, possibly, the life of a priest



MARYKNOLL BOOTH AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

A miniature of the Seminary, Chinese embroideries, and vestments made by the Maryknoll Sisters were displayed

PROGRESS IN THE MISSION FIELD OF EASTERN ASIA

as he knew, or thought he knew it, has not appealed to him. What if he were to go to foreign lands to share his Faith with others who do not know yet that the Son of God became man? It may be just this suggestion that in God's Providence will decide his future.

The harvest is white. The laborers are all too few. Now is the acceptable time.

TO SOLVE A PROBLEM

THE day may come—we are tempted to say that it will surely come—when that fine body of young women known as the Maryknoll Sisters will be self-sustaining in their varied works.

They have plans and are preparing at long range to carry them out. Among their plans is that of providing industrial work for natives in the mission fields of the Orient where skillful hands and good taste are readily found.

Already one phase of this work is impressing priests and religious in this country—and that is the making of vestments, chasubles, dalmatics, and copes.

Some scores of these vestments have found their way into the vestment cases of churches and chapels scattered through the country and invariably have brought forth such comments, as "distinctive," "remarkably light," "beautiful, yet reasonable."

A recent order that includes the replacement of an entire set in a large church in Boston is now under way.

So much the better. The Mission Sisters will thus provide work for poor women and girls, and, in return, will be able to apply a little profit to their own sustenance.

The Maryknoll Sisters at Hong-kong have also started the making of very light cassocks and cassock slips for priests. These are fashioned from a Chinese silken material and occupy very little space in a satchel, especially when sleeveless.

Readers interested in this phase



DEPARTURE GROUP—1926

Rev. Robert P. Kennelly

Rev. Leo W. Sweeney

Rev. John F. Swift

Rev. Charles P. Hilbert

Rev. J. Leo Davis

Rev. Leopold A. Tibesar

of our Sisters' work may communicate with their Mother Superior at Maryknoll, New York.

BUT—before self-sustenance can be accomplished, these noble women must be housed and maintained by offerings from the faithful whom they represent in God's service.

Now is the time to back Maryknoll Sisters in earnest. Send to them stringless gifts. Don't put a dollar into the hands of a Sister

and then tell her how it must be spent. You tie her hands.

Also encourage them to hold burses for the training of their recruits.

Novices remain practically two years with little opportunity to help their community. Tide them over that period. Seven hundred dollars will do it. Or, if you can build a Burse, \$6,000 will provide a succession of novices for the generations to come.

IS CONTINGENT LARGELY, UNDER GOD, ON CATECHISTS

DRIFTWOOD FROM THE SUPERIOR

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR'S MISSIONARY VISITATION OF 1926

MY next sally from the Rock (Hongkong) was with Fr. Ford to Swatow, the gateway to his new mission. We left in an English coasting steamer that danced so lively as to make two of us dizzy, but it was only a twenty-four hours' run and would have been less had we not been obliged to stop inside the river entrance and take on some strike breakers. We were also detained after anchoring—again because the sampan people feared to come out for us.

We reached the bishop's house unannounced (our telegram had failed to arrive) at the noon hour and at once started Mass. It was Palm Sunday, but I could hardly realize it.

Here at Swatow it was my pleasure and privilege to sign an agreement with Bishop Rayssac who had asked Maryknoll to share the responsibility of a district which he found too large. This



HONGKONG HARBOR

agreement, after ratification and definition of boundaries by Rome, will prepare the way for a new Maryknoll mission. Bishop Rayssac has made Fr. Ford pro-vicar for his fellow Maryknollers.

There are some ninety thousand people in Swatow City, and, among them, about fifty Westerners, including a gracious American Consul.

The bishop's house is built of reinforced concrete and stood the shock of a typhoon and earthquake that successively visited Swatow a few years ago. On one of those eventful days, a small

steamer landed in the bishop's back yard. The house is designed to accommodate a goodly number of priests, all the missionaries of the vicariate in fact, if they "push over." Within, its walls are white and bare, and its floors are carpeted only with rough cement; but hearts are warm in the bishop's palace (!), and kindly smiles supply what might be lacking in creature comforts.

The rooms look out on an encircling balcony, and, at any moment, the visitor can enjoy moving pictures of the harbor life or of a continuous procession of Chinese along the busy street below.

That Sunday afternoon was short, but I had a full day on Monday which began with well attended Masses. Before seeing the church, I had asked for the "cathedral" and had started a smile, not realizing that this mission of Swatow is comparatively young and that



CONSECRATION OF BISHOP VALTORTA BY HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP COSTANTINI AT THE HONGKONG CATHEDRAL, JUNE 13, 1926

WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS

mission cathedrals come slowly.

But what was wanting in size and splendor was made up in the noise produced by the chanted prayers of the congregation. By this time, I should be accustomed to a public Mass in China, but, as I learned afterwards, Swatow has people from different sections, and, as each individual can shout in his own way, the effect is somewhat disturbing to a stranger.

There were some Ursuline Sisters in the church and we visited them later. They are a small group and the superior is from Vermont. They had hardly arrived when the great typhoon struck Swatow leaving after it a little army of dead. Since then, they have had other trials, but they are happy in their work and are gradually taking firm root in the soil of China.

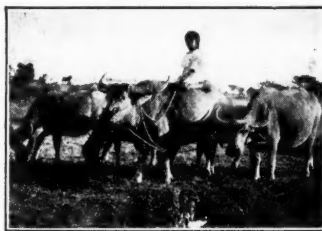
But they need recruits and this is a real trial because they see openings and are anxious to fill them. I am sure that Ursuline Sisters in America will be interested in this struggling and especially deserving community.

We also reviewed a parade in which everybody in the city, except ourselves, seemed to take part; and later three of us walked through the crowded streets. Swatow, like Canton, has been much disturbed, but we were treated courteously.

It was disappointing not to visit the mission territory of which Fr. Ford has written and spoken so enthusiastically and more disappointing not to meet "our own" in the hinterland. But it would have taken a full week and I was due to leave Hongkong Good Friday, for Manila.

Tuesday afternoon, at two, was our sailing hour, and we had the not unusual experience in China of "almost missing." Our boat was anchored, well away from the dock, and we were told to wait at the company's office for the ship's tender. As the hours passed, we worried ourselves into a change of base, and, fortunately, arrived at the customhouse just as its own rig was leaving for my steamer. I readily accepted the invitation to "step in," and, with a hurried good-by to Fr. Ford and Fr. Gleason, we were off; within five

A stringless shoe can halt your walk. A stringless gift makes Maryknoll go.



NO SPEED LIMIT

minutes we were on our way to Hongkong. Had we stayed at the company's office, it would probably have meant a day or two more at Swatow with good-bys all over again—but this is China.

The sea was very kind on the return trip to Hongkong. I met a Filipino, by the way, on that boat. He was married to a South American whose parents had been born in China. They had a little flock of healthy children, and all, including the father, were ardent Catholics. This man was employed by a large American concern, and, incidentally, told me of a Chinese business acquaintance, a very well-to-do man, who had been for years prominent in a Protestant denomination and who had recently become so keenly interested in the Catholic Faith as to pre-



A LITTLE BURDEN BEARER
IN THE PHILIPPINES

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sent himself to a Chinese priest for instruction.

On the departure of his Filipino friend, the Chinese catechumen had asked him to find a convent where his three girls could not only be brought up as Catholics but could enter a religious sisterhood. The Filipino explained that a suitable school for the Catholic education could be found, but that the life of a Sister required more than the good will of parents and that the girls themselves would have to be consulted first of all.

Holy Week, in many sections of the mission field, passes with necessarily scant ceremonies, but, in large cities like Hongkong, the devout Catholic is well served. He will find tastefully decorated repositories to visit, the Tenebrae well rendered (even with a figured and elaborate Miserere finale), Good Friday and Holy Saturday services carefully carried out, leaving him calm and happy in anticipation of the glorious Resurrection feast.

Obligated to leave on Good Friday for the Philippines, I felt out in the cold. But it could not be helped, and the feeling passed quite away as I landed on a bright and glorious—hot, of course—Easter morning at Manila. There were friends on the dock—one, the archbishop's secretary, the other a United States navy chaplain—and soon afterwards, I was offering the Holy Sacrifice in the chapel where, in 1918, I had said Mass during the period of a most enjoyable week.

His Grace was in the cathedral occupied with his own Mass and ordinations. We finished about the same time, and I was gratified to find him not fatigued as we had only the spare hours of Easter Sunday to talk over several matters affecting Manila and Maryknoll. The next day he must start on a confirmation tour, and I should leave for Hongkong before his return.

There is a question sometimes asked and more often insinuated: Why do not

OUR FRIENDS

ARE OUR

BEST AGENTS



WHERE MARYKNOLL SISTERS LIVE IN MANILA
This was the old Malabon "convento" restored by Archbishop O'Doherty

Maryknoll missionaries go to the Philippine Islands?

The answer is simple: Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was organized for missions to heathen countries and is under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. The Philippine Islands are not listed as a heathen land and are not under the Congregation of Propaganda.

But some bright reader might push the further question: Why was not Maryknoll organized for the Philippine Islands when it is a well known fact that the islands are sadly in need of priests and have been obliged to call on European societies for help?

This is a fair question and here is our answer: Maryknoll was the outgrowth of a movement to create among American Catholics an interest in evangelizing people who had never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This interest had already been expressed, to some extent, by alms, spiritual and temporal; but the Catholic Church of America had to its credit hardly a handful of missionaries in the heathen world. Had Maryknoll turned to the Philippines, there would be no reason why Porto Rico should not be considered as also under the United States flag, or, for

that matter, why the missions at home—Negroes, Indians, and sparse districts in the South and West—should not be supplied by the new enterprise.

In 1911, Maryknoll was hardly a name. It was nothing and few expected much, if anything, from it. No one then ever suggested the Philippines.

THE FIELD AFAR had been started in 1907 to prepare the way for a foreign mission seminary and consistently excluded other than missions to the heathen. Its founders felt that in no better way could they help to provide priests, Brothers, and Sisters for the more difficult missions of the homeland than by stimulating some of the American youth to "go the whole way" for Christ, and, undoubtedly, the procession of missionaries that has followed the Maryknoll lead to heathen lands has enlarged our home mission force.

Again, the founders of Maryknoll felt that what could be done with good will and enterprise for the heathen missions could and would be done for the possessions, as also for the home needs. Neither of the founders was conscious of any more than ordinary human qualities and neither was sure of any considerable success. Both felt

that this movement would awaken similar action in favor of pressing home mission needs and that one enterprise would complement the other.

Fifteen years have now passed since the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America was launched, and the Church in the Philippines is yet stretching out its hands for help. What is the trouble? Has the cry not been loud enough—or frequently enough repeated? Perhaps not. But the historical fact stands as a reproach to the Catholics of America that little or no effort has been made to provide from the homeland for thousands of Catholics who are priestless in our possessions. Had the founders of Maryknoll foreseen this failure to meet a crying need and had they, at that time, been urged to do so, it would have been hard indeed to refuse, and, possibly, there would be today no Maryknoll in China or Korea. As conditions are, we of Maryknoll cannot but feel that the Holy Ghost has been guiding and will continue to direct the enterprise, and that if God wishes us to enter upon work in the Philippines, He will show the way.

In 1917, when I went to Asia "looking for a field," I called at Manila and was made to realize, for the first time, the Philippine need; but the most that I could promise was a willingness to take up later in the islands, work that could be in some way connected with the special purpose of our Society.

There are, for example, many Chinese in Manila. Here would be a contact. Again, Manila provides excellent educational facilities under Catholic direction. Why could not Maryknoll-directed youths from China find a place here to prepare for their future careers? Then, too, as time goes on, there will be Maryknoll priests for whom the language of China will prove an insurmountable difficulty, but who, zealous to be useful in some near-by field will find such in the islands that are only two days away from Hong-kong.

If later, then, as a result of these considerations and of that Easter Sunday conference, friends of Maryknoll will note that the Philippines appear more frequently in these pages than

THE HOLY FATHER LOOKS TO AMERICA

formerly, they will understand why.

That Sunday went by very quickly and most pleasantly. Good Jesuit friends and two United States chaplains came for dinner, and, late in the afternoon, we found time for several visits, among others, to the Apostolic Delegate, where again I was reminded—almost gently reprimanded—that Maryknoll should not pass by the Philippine Islands.

As a matter of fact, however, Maryknoll is actually in the Philippine Islands. At least the Sisters, who add luster to the name, are there, and to these I went on the following day after His Grace had left for his confirmation tour. I found the little group lost in a large *convento* some six miles from the center of the city, at a place called Malabon. This *convento* was formerly occupied by the parish priest and is yet physically attached to a great old Spanish church that shows its age.

Thanks to the solicitude of His Grace, the building has been put into repair and made quite comfortable. Very little furniture had been installed, and the chapel was so bare as not to have even an altar or benches; but the needful was in sight and the Sisters were looking forward to opening a Normal School with a model parish school alongside.

For the Maryknoll Sisters, it was a change from the atmosphere of the big and well established convent of the Assumptionist nuns whose hospitality they had enjoyed until Easter; but it was a typical Maryknoll beginning, and the little group were settling down to meet the problems ahead.

I called on them again the next day and arranged, at the chancery, to say Mass for them on a temporary altar the day of my departure. It was the first Mass in their new convent, and I doubt if these Sisters have had another since, as it will be difficult for them to secure the services of a priest, the pastor at Malabon being quite alone and obliged to say Mass daily in the church. However, they can pass readily from the convent into the gallery of the church, and, while the great building looks anything but cozy and the altar seems very far away, the Lord of all is there to listen to their prayers.



A GROUP AT ST. LOUIS SCHOOL, HONGKONG
Find the two Maryknoll Brothers

I left Manila on Wednesday. I had gone over by the Dollar Line and returned on an Admiral Line boat, with some satisfaction that the sign of the "almighty dollar"—(\$)—was not on our smokestack proclaiming to the world the commercial aspirations of my country. Later, at the Dollar Line Hongkong office, I registered a gentle protest against that Dollar sign and offered a suggestion that the ship's artist be instructed to make a U. S. out of the \$ by joining the two perpendiculars at their lower ends. Why not?

Early Friday morning found me at the Kowloon convent where the Sisters, ready to renew their vows, were anxiously awaiting the hour. It was one of several high Masses celebrated at the little convent chapel during my stay in and around Hongkong—and lest I forget, let me say that if the chant at Kowloon is distracting, this is not because it is distressing. *Au contraire*. The study of Chinese tones has evidently stimulated the thirst for plain song.

After Mass, it was my pleasant experience to return, not across the ferry

Make every member of the family, living or dead, a Maryknoll Associate.

and up to the "barracks" at West Point, but only five minutes' walk away, to a well-cleaned house reoccupied as the Maryknoll procure.

This house was purchased a few years ago and used for a time as the procure, but it was heavily mortgaged, and interest rates are high in Hongkong (we were paying seven per cent), so that when the opportunity presented itself, our representatives in Hongkong, a priest and two Brothers, took up lodgings across the harbor at the Industrial School and rented the procure as a boarding house.

Procures, in foreign lands, do not appeal to homeland friends, who can hardly realize their necessity, so that those in charge must use their wits to meet mortgage interest. Yet, a procure must house not only the resident priest and Brothers, but missionaries coming and going; and its requirements, for the physical and spiritual wants of all concerned, are such as the Industrial School, at its present location, could not provide. Hence the change.

For the present, then, and we hope for some time to come, we have at Kowloon, not far from the Hongkong ferry, and nearer yet to the great docks where American boats land, a convenient haven.

FOR STRONGER DEVELOPMENT IN MISSION FIELDS

World-Wide News

THE new Bishop of Hongkong, Monsignor Valtorta, has taken up the duties of his office after a notable reception by all classes of people. Addresses were made to Bishop Valtorta in several languages.

At the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, there is a little group of American priests and seminarians who are banded together under the title of Cardinal Mercier Mission Unit. Although far from home, they are following with keen interest the work of their American confreres in foreign mission fields.

The president of the unit writing recently sent the picture which appears in this issue. Readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* may recall Mr. George Chao who is shown in the midst of this group. Mr. Chao graduated from Notre Dame University and is now continuing his studies at Louvain.

One of the seminarians writes:

At a meeting of the Cardinal Mercier Mission Unit, Mr. Chao spoke to us on "China for Christ through the Chinese." By his frankness, his sincerity, and his fine spirit he won the sympathy of his audience from the start, and thus succeeded in awakening in us a real human concern as well as a religious interest in this great nation.

By thus opening a window on China and the Chinese, Mr. Chao brought us to realize in a new light the immense value of the work of our American missionary agencies, of which Maryknoll is such an illustrious example.

Young students have been upsetting old China. Someone has said that for a period in his life, usually a short one, the student of any country is a Bolshevik.

Be this as it may, certainly the genuine Bolshevik has been doing his best—his worst rather—to inculcate students in China, going into that country from Russia to do so.

Boys—and girls—some of them mere children, have responded, and, for the moment, the wisdom of age with the value of experience has been thrown to the winds. Slogans against the foreigner easily affect the youngster who knows



AMERICAN STUDENTS AT LOUVAIN, BELGIUM, WHO HAVE FORMED THE CARDINAL MERCIER MISSION UNIT

only today and takes his country as he finds it.

It should be remembered, however, that China is very large; that the people, divided by distance and dialects, know little of their political situation or of their form of government; that the Chinese are by nature peaceful and home-loving; and that God is in His heaven and knows China's need.

AN IDEA OF VINCENT WANG

WE mentioned in a recent issue *Vincent Wang*, holder of a Louvain Doctorate of Social and Political Sciences and President of the Association of Chinese Catholic Students of Europe. A Roman prelate with whom he was associated while in the Holy City says of him:

For men like Mr. Vincent Wang, our prayer must be that they may be given an opportunity. I have watched him for three months and I am convinced that he has not only intelligence, which by itself is not a rare gift, but intelligence and a sense of practical leadership—something worth going far to find.

If you like to follow the career of freshly-hatched ideas till they grow to manly vigor or till they wither and die by the wayside, take this following one of Vincent Wang, and keep alert in the years to come for references to it:

China has three hundred million farmers—rich, in moderate circumstances, and poor. The poor need sixty dollars a year to keep from starvation, but the income of the poorest is often less than this.

There are those who find that the sixty dollars leave nothing for the breaks of life—for sickness, for accident, for other forms of the rainy day. Some say there are two hundred million in this third class. It is at these that Bolshevism aims.

For the Catholic peasants among these, Wang proposes the agricultural guilds as found in Belgium. He has a model which he knows from his years in Louvain is worthy of emulating.

The association was founded in 1900, among a people who then could not make what came in match what went out. Encouraged by the priests, the founders first organized a buying society to secure supplies at the lowest possible prices; then, a selling society to take the best possible returns. A credit bank next came, with interest on small deposits, and low rates for loans. An insurance association found life with the return of unspent premiums.

There were also religious, moral, and social benefits. The pastor in each section taught little classes in sociology, for which there were monthly meetings of the members.

HAVE YOU SENT IN THE NAME OF A NEW SUBSCRIBER?

Politics was reduced to a minimum, but had a place.

There are thirty such "locals" today, each with representatives at a central board. The leader of this syndicate is not elected, but is chosen by a competent board, solely for his business qualifications. Possibly ninety-five per cent of the success depends on this leader. A priest is secretary-general. There are in Belgium four hundred employees in the central office of this organization.

Vincent Wang has in mind returning to China, and, in some locality where conditions are favorable, making an attempt to copy in a small way this successful Belgian idea.

VALIANT WOMEN

Countess Ledóchowska

OF the Countess Maria Teresa Ledóchowska, foundress of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver and of the Auxiliary Missioners for helping the missions in Africa, little has been known in this country. And yet this excellent woman, who died on July 6, 1922, left behind her the memory of a great soul.

A short account of her life published by the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, in English, Italian, French, and Polish may now be obtained from the Sodality of St. Peter Claver at St. Louis, Missouri, Fullerton Building. A copy of that edition in Polish was sent to His Eminence Cardinal Alexander Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw, who wrote to the Directress-General of the sodality:

I have read with keen interest the life of Maria Teresa, Countess Ledóchowska, foundress of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver. She was truly a strong and saintly soul.

The first time I met the venerated foundress was at the Marian Congress at Einsiedeln. On that occasion, she spoke in French, Italian, German, and Polish to crowds of many thousands, on the necessity and great importance of missionary work. I have heard many brilliant speeches from the lips of famous preachers and of men occupied in social work, but in none of these orators have I met with such fervor, such persuasiveness, and such a burning love for her subject, as in Maria Teresa. One could feel that she

loved the missionary spirit with all her heart, with all her being.

Like another St. Paul, the apostolic fervor of the venerable orator communicated itself to all. Her audience was clearly persuaded that for the propagation of our holy Faith, not only should priests and monks offer up the holocaust of their lives and labor, but also every faithful son and daughter of the Church should enter into the ranks of the auxiliary missioners or bring material help to those who work in missionary countries.

Mother Alphonsa Lathrop

To her household at Hawthorne, New York, the death of Mother Alphonsa Lathrop brought its own very particular and deep sorrow.

The world that knew and admired Mother Alphonsa's heroic work for those afflicted with incurable cancer was startled at the sudden close of a life it had recently lauded and honored for outstanding service to humanity.

At Maryknoll, we grieve for the passing of a friend whose worldwide heart embraced and warmed us in the cradle days of Maryknoll at Hawthorne, and whose faith and vision sensing the Divine Will in our project, encouraged us with active sympathetic cooperation and unflinching prayer.

Mother Alphonsa taught her entire "family" to love the missions, and untold sufferings and petitions are daily offered for their

advancement and for God's blessings on Maryknoll's missioners.

It was the Maryknoll Sisters, however, who came into closest touch with this valiant woman.

After their first months in a little cottage in the low lying village of Hawthorne, a house more suited to their needs was found almost within a stone's throw of the Cancer Home.

Mother Alphonsa welcomed them as her own daughters, threw open her chapel to them, gave them daily gifts, and, on feast days, always a portion of the dainties prepared for her beloved sufferers.

Her Christ-like service to the poorest of the poor, her life of constant self-denial and unalterable patience, her interest in the smallest details of the life of the "Secretaries," as our Sisters were then called, taught lessons that could not easily be missed or soon forgotten.

At a crucial period, by making them the recipient of a large thank offering, Mother Alphonsa made possible the further development of the little group at Hawthorne.

Mother Alphonsa's name will always be held in benediction at Maryknoll. We beg for her heroic soul a prayer from our readers—and another for those she has left to carry on her work.

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for securing a MARYKNOLL ANNUITY

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**The Very Rev. Superior,
Maryknoll, N. Y.**

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

OCTOBER — and across the seas another little group has sailed to plant the cross in heathen soil.

Follow them with your prayers.

THREE Chinese bishops! This is the news that the daily press circulated recently, and it brought a thrill to every Catholic worthy of the title.

It is a beginning of a new chapter in the story of the spread of the Faith in the Orient, and it doubtless marks the date from which a most gratifying development will be noted in the Church of China.

Nor should we forget the tremendous sacrifices of European priests, so many of them from France, the mother of missionaries, which have gradually brought about this period of maturity. The blood of hundreds among these has fertilized the soil of China, and not less contributing has been the patient toil of some thousands of apostles from Europe and the alms usually from the poor of their homelands.

ST. Francis of Assisi died seven hundred years ago this year, on October 3, 1226.

Assisi, the gem of Umbria in the beautiful Italian countryside a few hours north of Rome, will

take the place of Rome this year in receiving the pilgrim bands of the world.

St. Francis of Assisi holds today the love of all Catholics and non-Catholics who know him. His love was a missionary's for he is credited with having been the first to put expressly in the rule of his order Christ's command to teach all men.

Today, Franciscans have fifty-seven foreign mission fields—one-seventh of all in the mission world—and number over twenty-five hundred members among the pagans.

A non-Christian population equivalent to the total of souls living under the Stars and Stripes becomes the responsibility of the brown-robed friars.

IT is a commonplace that converts can usually be made when efforts are not lacking. And this is true, not only of missionaries abroad, but of those in the homelands.

Note these figures gathered in Europe by a zealous priest who has been encouraged in the task of trying to win Chinese students to Christ. His own efforts have been felt in Belgium and similar activities have been witnessed in France:

In Germany, there are six hundred Chinese, of whom one is a Catholic; in Holland there are one hundred and fifty, of whom one is a Catholic. Of the one hundred and eighty in Belgium, one hundred and twenty are Catholic; there are two Catholics among the three hundred Chinese students in England. France leads in the number of Chinese with eight hundred, of whom one hundred and twenty are Catholics. There are one hundred Chinese students in Russia.

NATIVE priests, native nuns, catechists. These are the great need of the day in the Orient. The Catholic missionary from the West is in Eastern Asia for

Associate Membership as a Maryknoller calls simply for a yearly alms of fifty cents to be applied to Maryknoll needs.

no other purpose than to help others to help themselves.

The day may come when, in China, for example, there will be no need of imported priests, just as that day has arrived in our generation for some sections of the United States.

This will not be in our generation, nor in the next, but it is not impossible that some generation yet to come shall witness the outgoing of Chinese missionaries to help evangelize another nation.

A wild dream! Yes, it seems such. Yet, intelligence and zeal with God's grace, have accomplished such results for the white race, and the white man has no monopoly on either intelligence or zeal, nor is God discriminating in the distribution of His grace.

At all events, the Holy Father is smiling benignantly on the native clergy of Eastern Asia. And, incidentally, the papal colors are white and yellow.

THERE is no more helpless two-legged animal than an ex-parson with wife and children, who has become a Catholic. I felt of about as much value or weight in the world as a piece of seaweed tossed by the surge high above the water line.

The words are a quotation from T. W. Allies, a noted convert from Anglicanism during the last century.

A like experience awaits many convert ministers. Catholic charity should devise some means of caring for persons and their dependents who, in heeding the call of grace and the love of truth, give up so much.

Catholics hesitate because they do not wish to offer a material inducement for the acceptance of a tremendous spiritual favor, but it should be realized that ministers converted to the Church usually give up their only means of livelihood for themselves and for their families. Some noted recent converts have been reduced to utter poverty upon admission into the Church. Many more quail at the thought of such a sacrifice and prefer to live a lie.

Are we less charitable than the

WITH EVERY

SUBSCRIBER

A

FRIEND

early Christians who surmounted the obstacle by placing all their goods at the disposal of the Church? Many a potential Catholic missionary to non-Catholics occupies a Protestant pulpit today awaiting such an offer of help for himself and his family before entering the Catholic Church. Many non-Catholic ministers are preaching Catholic doctrine from Catholic textbooks while they trifle with the grace of Faith.

If there is plenty of work to do at home (and foreign missionaries do not question the sincerity of the statement), why can it not be provided?

One suggestion: apply the catechist idea as found in foreign missions to homeland activities. Many a convert would fit well into such work.



"REST not, but raise up your voice like a trumpet." The Holy Father says the thought of the millions who know not God disturb his repose and these words just quoted come again and again in his meditations. As the soul surpasses the body, heaven the earth, eternity time, so does this work of evangelization surpass all other works of charity.

For its success, constant prayer is necessary, and the habit of prayer for missions must be fostered in the faithful that God may send out more missionaries and bless their labors. The industry, the martyrdom of the heralds of the Gospel will be in vain unless God touches the hearts of the heathen.

Then consider the extent of territory untouched, the multitude to whom the benefits of the Redemption are wanting, and recall that the master key to this difficulty is vocations.

For this need, it is necessary, the Holy Father says, that the bishops of the whole world be unanimous in their efforts to increase the number of workers. However sad may be their own needs, the faithful of their dioceses cannot be so far removed



GENTLE ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

from the means of salvation as are the pagans. In the place of those who go out, God will bless more abundantly the labors of those who remain and raise up fresh vocations.

First, a mission zeal throughout Christendom; secondly, prayer; thirdly, many and highly trained missionaries—this is the burden of the message to the homeland Christians in the latest encyclical of His Holiness. To the fields, he sent another appeal.

At home and in the field, he calls hungrily for advance, for new victories. As long as God spares him, he says, foreign missions will be his solicitude.

God bless our Pope!



CHRISTIANITY demands of men a sacrifice of things the corrupted human heart naturally craves.

This demand it makes of all without exception. Of the proud, it requires humility; of the lustful, purity; of the slothful, zeal; of the glutton, abstemiousness; of the drunkard, moderation; of the avaricious, generosity; of the selfish man, selflessness; of the ambitious, a pure intention; of the envious, charity; of the quarrelsome, meekness. In return, it promises an eternal reward and the means to obtain it.

Here is Christianity's power. It sets a high standard of conduct and enables men to master self and to attain it. Other religions have spread rapidly. Either they have lost their identity in doing so; they have ministered to the lower cravings of nature; or they have failed to achieve their promise in those who have embraced them.

It is the missionary's privilege to witness the power of the teaching of Christ at its greatest. Under his eyes, it transforms men of even the lowest grade of humanity. He aids in the process. His perfection here on earth and his ultimate salvation are bound up in achieving in men the results which Christianity can and does achieve in those who place no obstacle in the way.

In patience he removes the "rock of stumbling" from the path of those who would become the "Sons of God." His is the burden of disappointments, ingratitude, fickleness, lack of understanding, coldness, and indifference in those he seeks to teach. His is also the joy of final triumph over obstacles that are humanly insurmountable. His is the reward of faithful service, keener on earth because of keener suffering in its purchase; keenest in heaven, unalloyed, eternal.



THE GROUP PERPETUAL.

Any group up to ten, for example, a family, a convent of nuns, the members of a society, living or dead, may be enrolled in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, as Group Perpetual Associates.

A certificate will be supplied for each one enrolled. For a society, if preferred, a special certificate, suitable for framing, and bearing the names of members in the group, will be provided.

MANY FRIENDS WILL PUSH OUR CAUSE

With Father Ford from Yeko

Being the Story of a Pioneer Maryknoll Missioner Who

IT may interest you, as it has me for the past eight years, to know that whatever difficulties there are in mission life, there is one that is absent in China as a rule. I remember reading at Maryknoll the life of a missioner among the Indians. He had spent twenty years with them and had never grown to like them.

That was to me the hardest sacrifice a man could be called upon to make, and, at the time, I wondered if our lot would be similar. Fortunately for our weaker natures, thank God, our life in China is not one of antipathy; in fact, our own conversion is so rapid as to startle me.

If memory stands me in good stead,

the ordinary native of China doesn't care whether we come or not to evangelize him; that the average pagan thinks we're here because China is more attractive to us than our own homeland; or, even worse still, that many pagan feels we have come because of a fat salary from our government to exploit him in some way to the advantage of ourselves and to the hurt of China.

Coupled with this indifference comes our first taste of Chinese food. It may be a real banquet, which later would make our mouths water, but the accidents of seasoning and untidiness take the edge off our appetite.

Once arrived at our mission, how-

ways, we are closer to them than priests at home are to their flocks, at least, in big American cities; we are more like country pastors, for our group is small enough for personal interest in each life.

Even the pagans about us change their attitude, and we, in turn, change ours. We begin to think that they are our pagans, and they look to us as to the local celebrities, yet on a plane that is paralleled by the tie between a village and its doctor.

This settling down to the comparatively sluggish life of a Chinese locality has its penalties. Insensibly we lose contact with the outside world. Within six months, we have forgotten the po-



Through shallow streams the sampans crawled



By chair over the strange mountains

the first meeting with the Chinese is somewhat of a shock. Our ignorance of their language hinders our penetrating their thoughts and we must perforce judge them by their exterior. Our first glimpse of China is in the North, whether we arrive at Antung or Shanghai, and northern China in the fall is depressing. Mud-caked streets and dusty wind and drab colors and filth first strike us; then the stolid, heavy northerner seems stupid after seeing the more alert Japanese; and the cool reception, or rather neglect, of the heedless crowds, disturbs the pleasant image we have nursed of our entry into China.

It is hard to realize back home that

ever, we find a different story. The Chinese whom we meet know our purpose in coming, and our disinterested motives; they know the simplicity of our living compared with commercial agents, and they exaggerate the sacrifices we have been called upon to make. We are receptive, and they make the first advances in showing attachment—and we begin to chant in wonder the canticle that our lot is cast in pleasant pastures.

And as we instruct and absolve our Christians, and marry them and baptize their babies, we penetrate their skin and find red-blooded Catholics, and we quickly establish our relation with them as spiritual Father. In many

sitions of the clubs in the baseball leagues; within a year, we no longer care who is running for mayor or president; the fiercest fight in the journals we still may read is months old and stale; all news from outside is muffled and toned down and becomes a mere hum beside local happenings. Our single shelf or two of books mildews from climate as from neglect, and memory calls up fainter pictures of the past.

Perhaps this is the lot of all men in advancing years, but kindly remember that we are still youngsters over here and so I think our experience is premature.

NOVENAS AT THE SISTERS' CHAPELS ARE CONTINUOUS

Yeungkong to the Hakka Mission

er Wintered Upon His Ninth Year of Work in South China

That this gradual limiting of our interests is a loss to the missions, is probably true, although it may surprise you to find two opinions on the subject. Intense cultivation of our little flock that may germ forth in native vocations, or more extensive work that greater numbers may be reached are two somewhat conflicting ideals of missionaries, especially so if we wish to give an example to our native priests of missionary rather than pastoral life. Their idea of priestly work will be derived from our manner of living.

The loss to ourselves and to the missions is that this focusing of effort is more often not a true focus; not a concentration of whatever varied training and experience we may have, di-

viewed as a whole, and a natural tendency from a knowledge of our powers is to do what lies at hand without fitting ourselves for specialized work.

It is getting harder year by year to cope with conditions, especially in countries that are being westernized rapidly. Even to care for our present flock is hard enough in competition with the better-equipped government schools, the widespread press, and less strict morals of a laxer age. We should need a corps of priests over and above our pastoral work, trained to meet these modern requirements. Small wonder then that an aged bishop up north threw up his hands expressively in conversation and said, "China is getting

flock, even our pagans. I remember the peculiar pleasure the villages and towns of Yeungkong used to give me just as a scene, which other sections of China never called up. And the look of recognition and a smile from pagan faces, the innkeepers and traders, made me feel at home. So, too, I experienced the associated pain of leaving them to come to this new mission. Like a dog, I have a memory for faces, and, like a cat, an affection for places, and leaving them both was a pleasant pain which proved, at least, a unilateral attachment.

Coming up north to this mountain region, the experience was not entirely new. Even though I did not know the



Finally set down at the Hakka Mission



Where another Maryknoll reunion was held

rected on our little patch of earth, but rather a loosening of our grasp of earlier impressions; in other words, the line of least resistance.

And we are not to be condemned too hastily for this. In olden times when an apostle was sent out from Rome, he was given full episcopal powers, as Timothy still earlier; for his was the task to set up a complete ecclesiastical organization. Latterly, this practice was discontinued because of increased facilities of communication, but the work to be done did not change essentially.

Our task is still, as then, to establish as complete a Church as possible. The extent of the ideal is frightening when

beyond control."

I don't mean this as pessimistic at all. It is a godsend in one way that there are more demands on a missionary's ingenuity now than formerly, as it lessens the danger of becoming prematurely set in one mold, unequal to face new conditions. And if I have stressed overmuch the backsliding tendency, it is to show that we have real hardships over here, and that striving to keep a world-wide view of our work, or at least to see it as a whole, including efforts for further conversions, is no mean task.

This is rather a lengthy digression from the topic of my letter. I was saying that we become attached to our

language, I knew the character well enough to recognize the genuine welcome of these mountaineers.

I had misjudged them in one particular. A mountaineer along the sea-coast of Yeungkong had formerly meant a backwoodsman, somewhat like a Kentuckian as depicted in novels before prohibition was enforced. Our mountain Christians were gaunt, tough-skinned, bony creatures, whose dialect was a puzzle in the valley.

Up here it is true that the people are mountaineers, but approaching the Adirondack or Pocono summer hotel type. Here there is peace from war and bandits, so that the children go to school in safety and even the carpenter

THE SISTERS WILL BE GLAD TO REMEMBER INTENTIONS

has graduated from some school or other. This is the land of budding statesmen and more elegant speech and long robes. This latter quality is delightful, for the Chinese long robe, when clean, is much more graceful than western dress.

A vain wish that I have had for years can now be gratified. I have often wanted, in Yeungkong, to clothe our houseboy in a long robe while serving meals—it's an appetizer, or rather, its lack is affecting—but, in Yeungkong, the robe is distinctive of the scholar, and a mere laborer cannot wear it. Here, happily, it is the style for all, perhaps because even the laborer has been a student.

My probation here was shorter too, because by now I have mastered the simpler forms of politeness. Undoubtedly, I still appear uncouth to these elegant Hakkas, but I'm not too old to learn. At any rate, within these few months, so fickle is my nature, that I've jilted my first love and my new mission has taken its place, and I have begun to study a race and language which will grow on us as the years speed by.

When Maryknoll took over this new section last year, we were gratified at the progress already made in conversions. The Catholics numbered five thousand out of a population of three or four million. But, while comparing the annual reports of the several parishes, I noticed that, despite the num-



RT. REV. ADOLPHE RAYSSAC
Shepherd of the Hakka Maryknollers

bers baptized each year, the totals were gradually decreasing, not from old age or lapses, but from emigration.

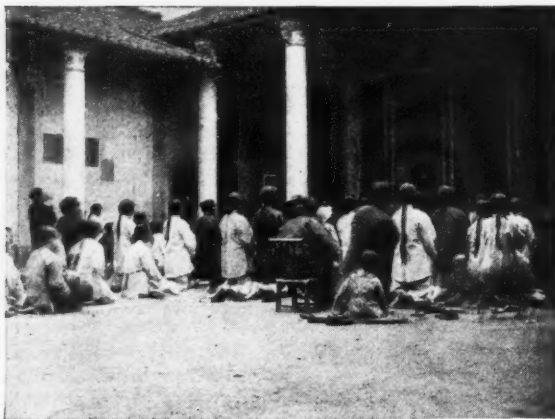
In one year alone, from Swatow which is our port, there were seventy-two thousand emigrants to Bangkok and five thousand to Saigon. This means that practically all the young men of working age leave us to find a living in foreign ports. It is true that many of them return for visits every four or five years, and most, eventually, return to settle down for life when their parents are too old, or they have

succeeded as head of the family, but the present state of the case opens a wide field for the study of sociological problems.

Such emigration delays the growth of families, throws the burden of the home on the women folk, and deadens the life of the village. I really believe that like conditions, outside of China, would end in ruin. Ireland was threatened with a similar plight, and apathy set in, though her case was not strictly parallel, as both men and women emigrated. But in China, home is the centripetal force that governs lives; that draws its emigrants, almost without exception, back again.

The family is scattered for a while, it is true, yet, even in this, the Chinese prudently safeguard themselves by staying together as much as possible. An emigrant is not lost or swallowed up by the strange surroundings; men will emigrate with others from the same family and live with them in foreign lands. The Chinese of one foreign port will all hail from the same country in China; will know one another either as relatives or as friends; and will make closer ties by marriage with the kinswomen of fellow emigrants, so that one of the chief evils of such a life, estrangement from friends and isolation, is avoided.

The moral evils of this emigration are many. For our Catholics, it means that, just at the age when they most need the strengthening influence of their pastor who knows them well,



WHERE THE MEN ARE NEAREST THE ALTAR
The women kneel in the courtyard



WAITING FOR THE SISTERS
These children, all Catholic, look for a school

BE A PROPAGANDIST IN THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES

they are thrown into circumstances which, for many, mean a general setback. If they are fortunate enough to meet in the foreign country a priest who will take an interest in them, or more fortunate still to arrive at ports where Chinese churches of their dialect are staffed expressly for them, their Faith is saved.

This latter point of Chinese congregations in the islands of the Pacific and in America is still somewhat unsolved, although in Borneo, Singapore, Manila and other large Chinese centers, as also in San Francisco, New York, and Montreal, some attempts have been made to take care of Catholic Chinese.

In cities such as Singapore, the Chinese prove themselves generous supporters of the Church both locally and in their native province of China. Both the bishops of Amoy and Swatow have built colleges from collections made among the over-seas Christians. But this is a question that will repay study at greater length.

It would be a disheartening outlook for mission work of long duration to see the gradual exodus of the Hakkas. They take to emigration naturally as their history down the ages has been one of periodical emigration as a race.

Three centuries before Christ, their home was in Shantung and Shansi; then they emigrated to Honan and Nganhwei where they settled down for six centuries. About A. D. 400, they came farther south to Kiangsi and Fukien, but had hardly got a footing when, in 618, another revolution forced them over the mountain passes into Kwangtung. For the next seven centuries, they gradually penetrated to the coast fighting every inch of the way at a huge sacrifice of lives but never winning title to a homestead.

In 1864, in a civil war with the Cantonese, one hundred and fifty thousand Hakkas were killed. They have finally settled in these mountains, but lack of arable ground compels still further emigration to the islands of the Pacific.

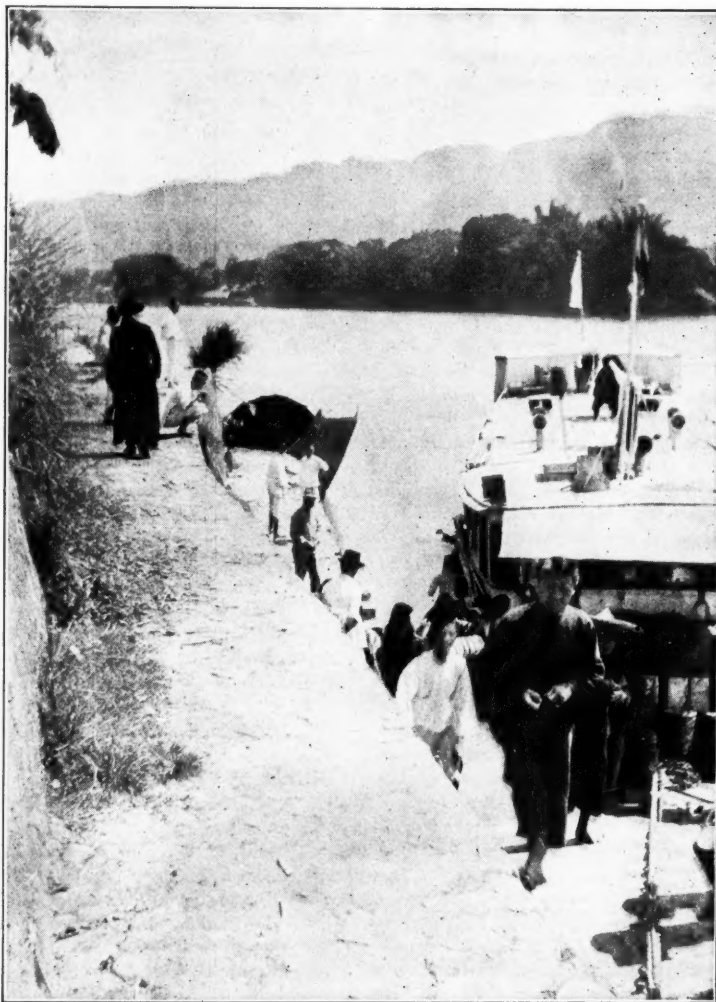
Happily for us, there is a solution for this devastating emigration and it lies right here in Hakka land. Their competitors in the hard fight to get a living were unwilling to give them fields or

valley lands, and they were forced to be content with mountain sides. But these very mountains are the coal and mineral fields of Kwangtung. Like our treatment of the Indian and subsequent discovery of oil on the reservations, so too, the Cantonese have unwittingly handed over to the Hakkas the source of future wealth.

Inevitably and soon, these coal fields will be mined and emigration will stop from lack of motive to move on. This region, so close to the seaports of Swatow, Canton, and Hongkong is bound to become an important manu-

A Legal Title to Recall FOREIGN MISSION SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC, INC.

facturing center, and the Hakkas will possess the lands. Incidentally, their experience in foreign ports will stand them in good stead to take immediate advantage of the new conditions. Then, but not till then, can we sit back and drop our worries over emigration and its evils, to begin a study of industrial crimes and their solution.



LANDING AT CHUNG KOW
First steps in the Maryknoll Hakka Mission

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS

PADRE JUNIPERO

By S. M. P.



IN those days, the century was just beginning to add its toll to the saecula saeculorum of saints and sinners. The heat of noontide lay on the mission and threw a haze over the patient hills and the peaceful valley of the Rio Carmelo.

In the shadow of a crumbling ruin, a little lad sprawled, pulling meditatively at the pansies planted in an uneven patch beside him. Jackie was six and a half and lived in the ranch house over yonder with his artist father and his gay little Spanish mother. Tired with play, he often came here out of the warm sun of the late morning.

He looked out on the scene so familiar to him all his short life. It was Eastertide, the last that Jackie would spend in the lovely valley with the river emptying indolently into the bay beyond. He thought little of these things then, but he was always to remember the blue waters dancing and splashing on the white sands in the California sunshine, or merged into melancholy when the fog flowed through the giant pines and weird cypresses of species now extinct which cling to the rocks jutting out into the ocean. It was the time when over the dunes is drawn a carpet of purple, and blue, and gold—sage, and lupin, and golden poppy; while under the pines the pink mariposa and the fragrant yerba buena are to be found.

All this was as much a part of Jackie's life as the climb up the Indian trail over at Punta Lobos, the Point of the Wolves, where, high above the ocean, deposits of ancient shells mark the site of an Indian lookout of the days before the padres came to Carmelo. He loved to go there, too, to see the myriad-colored sea life deep down in the clear waters.

But most of all he loved the stories of Chonita—Chonita in whose veins flowed the blood of Spaniard and mission Indian, Chonita who kept the house and took such good care of him in the long absences of his father and mother.



The fierce and the tender, the saint and the hero, Junipero Serra

It was she who had planted the pansies over the spot where, weary from long journeys on foot, made in spite of his poor wounded leg, the fierce and the tender, the saint and the hero, Junipero Serra, *padre presidente* of the California missions, had been laid to rest.

Few remembered then, or cared, except a faithful one here and there like Chonita. She fascinated the boy with her tales of the holy man, until, unconsciously, he rehearsed them often to himself, as now, beside the grave of the heroic missionary.

Many years passed before Lieutenant-Commander John M. Whitney, U. S. N., returned to California. Worn out with patrol duty in the North Sea during the World War, it was to Santa Barbara he came; and there he met and rode with Josefa Carillo, partly Spanish like himself, but blond and as full of life as he was dark and serious. Fresh from the depths of the convent school at Menlo, Josefa found him a splendid outlet for her ardent zeal.

Yes, he was a Catholic, but his roving life had weaned him away from the Faith he had never known well at best. His father was not a Catholic, and his mother had not been religious. He had no objections to being converted though, especially when so attractive a missionary as Josefa "gave up" candy and other dainties until he

should return "for good" to the Faith of his fathers.

She felt that the outcome was certain when she learned that the "M." of his signature stood for Mary, John Mary, to please his godmother, a school friend of his mother's, who was a nun in some convent in the north.

They went often that winter to the mission on the hill. Here Josefa had an old friend and ally in Brother Michael who conducted the visitors—from kings and rulers of nations to the humblest—though far-famed Mission Santa Barbara.

As the months rolled by, the Franciscan began to despair, in spite of many prayers to his dear St. Joseph, of a religious vocation for Josefa; while, on his side, the naval officer concluded that being converted was not an unpleasant experience.

Suddenly, he was ordered for duty in Mexican waters.

When the *Wiley B. Allen* returned early in the following year and docked at Vallejo, Lieutenant Whitney took the opportunity to run down to Monterey and Carmelo where he was born in the shadow of the old mission. Quite casually he heard that Josefa was married to a distant cousin and that they had gone to live on a ranch in the hills.

The next day he joined a band of pilgrims who were to follow with Msgr. Mestres, the parish priest, Padre Junipero's stations of the cross over the hill to Carmelo. Many remarked that day the reverence of the grave young officer, a stranger and so deeply absorbed in his own thoughts.

So, after much roaming and many vicissitudes, Jackie of long ago knelt again by the grave of Padre Junipero, at the left of the sanctuary now, in the partly restored church.

Then a strange thing happened: He could never analyze or describe it, but it seemed to his sore and groping soul that the enigma of life resolved itself. Every event, every circumstance slipped into its place in a new order, one he had never thought of before, but which he saw was supremely right. And at the apex of it all was God—God alone. Something Josefa had said came back to him now, "How little these people

who come to California understand the lives of the old missionaries they admire so much."

Over the path of the years, the soul of the saint whose lineaments had been stamped on his inner consciousness in early childhood called to the awakened Faith of the man and opened for him the floodtides of grace. The missionary who had died in this obscure outpost of an empire long since fallen into decay, whose resting place had been neglected amid the ruins of his work, had been for John Whitney, and would be for many others, the seed buried in the ground which brings forth fruit a hundredfold in due season.

This thought was to help the young convert through many a dark day during the hard years of training, when, brown-robed and sandaled, in the Franciscan college above the old mission at Santa Barbara, where the first stirrings of grace had brought him back to the practice of his religion, he struggled, as of old in the North Sea, with sinister, elusive foes of discouragement.

Then he would look down at the mission, and across the channel to the islands, beyond which he knew the blue Pacific stretched to the pagan East, and his heart would be filled with holy longings such as Xavier must have had when he viewed the shores of China from Sancian.

THANK YOU!

It is a source of pleasure to continue my cooperation with your efforts.—*Pa.*

This \$20 is in thanksgiving for a favor. Maryknoll Missions always come first in our home.—*N. Y.*

Enclosed you will find \$3. Every time I come home from town, I drop all the pennies into a bag.—*Calif.*

Enclosed you will find \$5, which I promised to send if I received an increase in my salary.—*N. Y.*

When reading a recent issue, I was impressed with the various comments on stringless offerings; so I am enclosing \$2 as my small share.—*N. Y.*

I am learning millinery, and my first hat was sold for \$5. I know of no better way to spend the money than to send it to Maryknoll.—*Calif.*

This is a nameless, stringless gift (\$1,000) to Our Lady of the Missions. No acknowledgment is necessary or possible. Recommend the donor to the prayers of the community.—*N. Y.*

The Newest Maryknoll

LOS ALTOS—you may not know just where it is. Well, forty miles south of San Francisco, on the peninsula, midway between the University of Santa Clara and Stanford University—and next to the archdiocesan preparatory seminary of St. Joseph—on top of a knoll overlooking no less than one hundred and fifty square miles of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley—that is where the new Maryknoll Junior Seminary on the Pacific Coast is located.

Eleven miles to the south is Mission Santa Clara. What a happy coincidence that this new Maryknoll College which will train boys from western shores to be missionaries in fields afar should be established so near to that old mission which stands a holy monument to foreign missionaries of ages past. How glad would the old Franciscan padres be to see this fruit of the seed they sowed long ago; to witness this carrying on of the work they began.

The college building stands, beautiful in its lines, but still quite incomplete. The concrete work is finished, we are happy to say, and the first group of students—the pioneers—are happy within its unfinished walls. A considerable portion of the interior is being finished—and some furnished. This much, be it known, we owe to the generosity of benefactors who prefer to have their names unknown.

So far so good! But we are not living in the hope of any angels completing *all* that remains to be done.

Those who help will have the satisfaction of knowing that they did their bit to train young apostles and to make it possible for them to go into pagan lands.

For further information, address:

*The Maryknoll Fathers,
2298 Vallejo Street,
San Francisco, Cal.*

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The Field Afar Office
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

SAFEGUARD OUR LORD'S INTERESTS IN YOUR WILL BY A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY

Maryknoll at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

THE Vénard—Maryknoll Preparatory College Number One—had a quiet summer through the suspension of its building activities.

It would have been almost too quiet had not campers—fifty all told—pitched their tents on the property just above Downs' Pond. They were a fine set of youngsters, coming from several states, and every son had a pair of lungs that defied fist or stethoscope.

The sacristan reports a poor supply of vestments and asks if some tabernacle society can provide:

One Green Humeral Veil
One Red Humeral Veil
One Set Red Dalmatics
One Set Red Vestments

Or if some individual would like to have these made by Maryknoll Sisters in China, the sacristan will manage to get along for another while.

The countryside is a joy, and students returned from their home

hearths are a welcome sight. Steadily grows the little army of future soldiers of Christ—but we are not now worried as there is room here for all and for more next year.

The patriotic athletic manager asks for

One large American flag (6 by 10 feet).

Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles

IT was with much regret that both Americans and Japanese learned of the assignment of Fr. John F. Swift to the Korean Mission.

During his five years at Los Angeles, he had endeared himself to all and had won completely the confidence of the Japanese. The latter manifested their esteem by banquets and speeches; by scrolled testimonials fit for places on the wall; and by the defrayal of his passage money across the Pacific.

It may be worth noting that three-fourths of the passage money was given by non-Christian Japanese. Their good will, expressed in the testimonials, ought to prove of value in Fr. Swift's new field of labor.

Among the visitors to the mission were Fr. James Quinn, pastor of St. Catherine's, Cleveland; Fr. Joseph Steinbruner, of Cincinnati, associated

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

—inspiring and entertaining reports from the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries in China.

for six or seven years with Fr. Kress in the Ohio Apostolate; and Fr. T. Reilly, O. P., of Rosary College, Chicago, at one time a teacher at Maryknoll.

Our four Brothers made their retreat at the Dominican rectory in Eagle Rock, a suburb of Los Angeles. Two of them later accompanied the older boys of the Sisters' Home to Camp Cantwell in Frazier Mountain. The sojourn in the open spaces was enjoyed by the Brothers as much as by their charges. A close camaraderie developed between the Japanese and American boys.

Our other two Brothers, with a Ford sedan lent to them by generous Fred Ogura (Japanese), went to Chalmers Ranch in San Diego county. This ranch was sown by the Lord with many precious and semiprecious stones—varicolored tourmalines abounding most; and the Brothers were invited to dig out a fortune for Maryknoll.

They returned home with stories of Tia Juana and the Pala Indian Reservation, but without the expected bagful of jewels.

— The Catechist Call —

IN speaking of the most immediate and vexing problems of the foreign field, a veteran missionary recently said, "The giving of chapels appeals to many. But, unless there are catechists to instruct the people, the chapels will remain empty. Our Lord will be without adorers."

Last year, in the Kongmoon Prefecture, 2,500 converts applied for baptism. Because of the lack of Catechist Funds, the Maryknoll priests were able to baptize only 440.

Do you feel a desire to help your American missionaries in the garnering of this harvest of souls?

Why not adopt the GROUP SUPPORT OF CATECHISTS idea? Let each of a group of friends pledge a certain amount each week or month, for the support of a Kongmoon catechist.

Only 5 cents a day from each of 10 persons, or 25 cents a week from each of 15, would be sufficient.

Call up some of your friends NOW and start the good work going at once.

Maryknoll headquarters will gladly forward to the China field your gatherings, which you may send to us through your Diocesan Director of Missions.

Address: The Field Afar Office
Maryknoll, N. Y.



*I have a burning thirst to be honored
by men in the Blessed Sacrament.*

BE KNOWN AS A MARYKNOLLER BY THE BUTTON ON YOUR LAPEL

Circle Interest

CIRCLES that come to stay will usually experience a dropping off period. Some members will have joined impulsively or will move too far away to keep up active membership. This dropping off is to be expected and is even a good sign that the Circle will become firmly attached to the Maryknoll cause.

A Circle out of which several organizers may have dropped and which then steadily gains until it has secured the desired quota, which should not be more than twenty-five, is in fine condition to solidify its membership.

To such we suggest the idea of a circulating mission library and the start of a mission album. Write to the Director on these points.

A near neighbor, St. Brigid Circle, has been giving us constant and generous coöperation. The Korean Superior has good friends among these members.

The Tabernacle Society, of Cincinnati, has heeded our plea for altar linens and sent us a generous supply together with some surplices, cassocks, and vestments.

The stringless gift and donation for catechist support from Ave Maria Circle, of Winterhill, caused us to congratulate ourselves upon the possession of such self-sacrificing friends.

An offshoot of St. Vincent de Paul Group is the St. Francis Xavier Circle, of Peabody. This Circle is hard at work planning many ways in which to benefit the missions.

The Maryknoll Sisters in Korea have found true friends in Mary Eugenia Circle. These earnest workers have just sent overseas another proof of their devotion to their adopted mission.

The students of St. Joseph College for Women have added another generous gift to their Bishop Molloy Bursar. They have been faithful, too, in their prayers and sacrifices for the missions.

The Scranton Circles are busy holding "showers" for the needs of our Vénard College. Several new Circles have been formed and the winter months will bring forth much fruit in the Circle line.



TAKING LIFE SERIOUSLY

Future bandits or children of Our Blessed Lady. Which?

The members of Maryknoll Circle, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, have decided to own a Leper Hut in China. For this purpose they have given to Maryknoll \$100 toward the fund.

Many other good friends have remembered this need.

Circle dues were gratefully received from Prospect Circle, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle, St. Vincent de Paul Circle, Mary Xavier Circle, St. Rose of Lima Circle, St. Teresa's Circle, St. Bridget's Circle, Good Shepherd Circle, Maryknoll Mission Circle, of Connecticut.

The Sacred Heart Shrine in the Maryknoll convent was kept alight during the month of June by a member of Sorrowful Mother Circle. Friends of Maryknoll may have their intentions remembered and help the missions as well by having vigil lights burned before the various shrines.

We wish it were possible for our friends to realize how much we appreciate what they have done toward the Leper Fund. Help has come toward this worthy cause from Ave Maria Circle, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Circle, St. Robert's Circle, Korean Martyrs' Circle, Little Flower Circle, St. Rose of Lima Circle, St. Clair's Circle, Théophane Circle, and many others.

C. S. M. S. Units

AFTER their summer furlough, the Crusaders of Christ's army are preparing for a successful siege of souls during the coming school year.

There are many ways in which Catholic students can help in the great work of propagating the Faith. What has your Unit

planned for the great campaign?

Mission week has proved to be such an entertaining as well as instructive feature that many schools and colleges have adopted it, setting aside one week of the school year for that purpose.

Maryknoll welcomes you back to the fray, Crusaders, and we will work together for the glory of God and the good of souls.

The Sancier Island missionaries have found ardent supporters in St. Anne's Academy Unit, of Wilkes-Barre.

Many thanks to St. Michael's College, of Vermont, for their recent help.

Our "Dunwoodie" brethren are still giving splendid contributions towards their bursar.

We are grateful to Assumption School Unit for what the students have done to increase the Leper Fund.

Our missionaries in China were remembered very generously by the Crusaders of St. Mary's School, Hagerstown.

A mite box accompanied by a hearty assurance of coöperation reached us from Conception College.

St. Charles College Unit has again given substantial proof of its wholehearted interest in Maryknoll. May God bless these good friends!

St. Elizabeth College Crusade Unit gave a generous farewell token to one of the Maryknoll Sisters who recently left this country for Manila.

*Address all communications to
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

OR THE PIN ON YOUR TIE OR THE RING ON YOUR FINGER

FATHER CHIN'S MONTHLY LETTER



Dear Chinsters:

Efficiency is a big word. However, it only means doing the work in hand in the best and quickest way. Of course, one must think in order to know the best way.

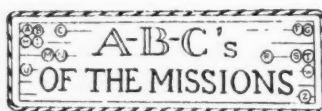
Every JUNIOR has one big task to do. That task is to convert souls—to teach them that there is one God Whom they must love and serve.

Here is a chance to use your big word: "How can I do my work with efficiency?" The answer is by prayer and sacrifice. Today, we shall talk about prayer.

Once upon a long ago time, there lived a soldier of Christ, named Dominic. This missionary tried hard to save souls, but he was not very successful. He begged and begged our Blessed Lady to aid him.

At first, she just seemed to listen, but one day she came from heaven and gave him something that would be his greatest help. Can you imagine what the gift was? Why, the rosary. St. Dominic said it often himself and he taught it everywhere he went, and soon people were glad to listen to him and they believed the truths he taught them.

In this month of October, we



A is for Alaska,
The country so cool,
That Missioners have to
Wear fur as a rule.
They journey in dog sleds
Instead of a trolley,
And, because it's for God,
They delight in their folly.

B is for the Bread of Life
Missionaries call
Morning from the skies;
Food of pilgrims' all,
Bread of Life makes
dark ways light.
When God comes to you,
Ask Him if He won't please come
To pagan "pilgrims," too.

honor our Blessed Lady as Queen of the Rosary. Under that title, let us ask her to make us missionaries—and in this way. If she will pick out for us one Filipino child, one Maryknoll Sister in Korea, one Maryknoll priest in China, we will say for these three, every day, one Our Father, ten Hail Marys, and one Glory be to the Father.

We call these prayers a decade of the rosary. And while we say a decade, we will think of some

part of the life of our Lady and of her Son. Our Lady will know for whom we are praying. And her Son, Jesus, will listen very hard to us because of His Mother's special interest in these three. Graces will go to them—and, through our prayers, they will be better themselves and do greater work for souls.

All together, Juniors—pray for "our Lady's Three"—and don't forget

Father Chin

BROTHERS—ALL

There are many, many, children living far away—where perhaps it is always cold and the ground is covered all the time with ice and snow. Then there are other countries where it is very hot most of the time. The children of these lands are our brothers and sisters because they were made by God. But most of them do not know this.

Many of your big American brothers and sisters, priests and nuns, who once lived here at Maryknoll, have gone to some far-off hot countries and to some that are very cold. They want to teach the people there about the good God.

JUNIOR READERS WRITING TO MARYKNOLL MAY ADDRESS

TO HIS MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

JUNIOR DOINGS

Babe Ruths

The most "missionary" ball players we know are the Maryknoll Juniors of St. Mary's School, New Britain, Connecticut.

Last spring, when the season was on, their school diamond, called "The Field Afar," was the scene of a series of games played for Mission Intentions.

In their classroom, the Maryknoll Juniors (whose insignia, by the way, is the Chi Rho) had an attractive blackboard score.

The members of the team sent a delightful "Round Robin" to Fr. Chin, and kept him informed on baseball news by coaxing their Sisters to send him a drawing of their blackboard record.

These are some of the Mission Intentions for which they "offered up" their games: "to help Fr. Sweeney"; "for the Chinese city with no Christians"; "to help the Maryknoll Sisters"; "for new subscriptions to THE FIELD AFAR"; "that Chinese babies may get baptism"; "that missionaries may learn the language."

Roselle's Rose Ellen

The Maryknoll Junior Club, of Roselle, New Jersey, made its debut last winter in a mission playlet written by one of its members.









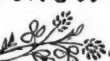




Part of the proceeds of the play went to adopt a pagan Chinese baby, named Rose Ellen by her patriotic little godparents.

Since that time, the club has doubled its membership and has been active in raising funds to support Rose Ellen.

A Flame

A "grown-up" Junior wrote to Fr. Chin recently, asking how much it costs per year to supply the oil for a Sanctuary Lamp in China. This "Junior" wishes to show her love for our Eucharistic King by keeping a Sanctuary Lamp burning before His Tabernacle in a pagan land.



Oh the mighty land of China
had a store of hungry ~~ant~~ ~~ant~~ — They
devastated   and   and
thrived on all the plants. They never
could be satisfied; the   fell
away in sheer dejection at the horde
that swarmed them, night and day. One
day a little baby ~~ant~~ beheld the scene
with awe, for through a library of
 had bored his proud papa—
And when he had digested it, he
turned a fresh new  and said
"I'm through with tricks so bad; I've
changed in my belief!" And all his
loving family, (a million aunts and
over) resolved right then to follow
him and live henceforth in .
Then tiny toddle ~~ant~~ crept out to see
what  had tasted so good to
his papa that he said no more should be
wasted. Why, you'll not be surprised, I
know — the  had been bound there,
and that is why the father ~~ant~~ con-
 verted all around there. 

THEIR LETTERS TO THE REV. FR. CHIN, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Manchurian Maryknollers

FR. Lane and his companion, Fr. McCormick, hibernated last winter in Manchuria preparing themselves for the future Maryknoll mission in that province. From Fr. Lane's diary, which comes regularly to the home nest, we quote items that will interest our readers, among whom are not a few who know our Manchurian Maryknollers:

Nightmares.—When one awakens at night repeating aloud Chinese sounds, it's time to "mark time" on language study. Maryknollers in Manchuria have reached this stage.

Explorations.—The Knollers have visited the city of Tiehling (Iron Range), some forty-four miles north of Fengtien or Mukden. The trip takes about an hour and a half on the local of the South Manchuria Railroad. The population of Tiehling is about forty-five thousand. It is the largest city between Mukden and Changchun, the northern terminus of the railroad. The principal trade is in soya beans, as Tiehling is in the great fertile plains of Fengtien of which Mukden is the center.

Fr. Lamasse, the pastor, is the architect of the splendid Mukden Cathedral and of many other churches and mission buildings in the vicariate. He is also the author of the *Sin Kuo Wen*, a fine work on the Mandarin language, for which he has been decorated by the French Academy.

There is an orphanage at the mission conducted by three French Sisters of Providence (Portieux) and three Chinese Virgins. A hundred girls are cared for and trained by the Sisters. During the Boxer uprising, the mission buildings were destroyed, but, in their place, a large substantial church and other buildings have been erected.

After lunch we visited a pagoda which surmounts the highest range south of the city. The party of five padres had tea at the expense of the patrons and did not realize until afterwards that this feature was not for the general public. The old Buddha which forms the principal feature of the temple has been sitting in his pres-

ent position for over two hundred years.

The Tiehling trip was interesting. It provided an opportunity to see mission work at one of the largest stations of the Mukden Vicariate.

History.—Pope Gregory made Manchuria a distinct mission on August 14, 1838, and confided the territory to the Paris Society. Monsignor Verolles, of Szechuan, was made the first vicar apostolic. When he arrived in the spring of 1841, there were nine thousand one hundred and thirty-nine Christians in the whole of Manchuria. His first mission was at Chagou, about fifty li inland from the town of Chwangho. This town is near the Manchurian coast line which faces Korea Bay, and is about half way between Antung and Dairen.

A new railway is in prospect between Dairen and Antung. When this is completed, it will be of great advantage to the future Maryknoll mission in Manchuria. The line will run within twenty miles of Chagou. At present, it is necessary to spend two days traveling by chariot to reach the town from the nearest point on the Mukden-Dairen line. Practically the entire town of Chagou is Catholic, there being only two or three pagan families there.

"Figgers."—For the benefit of those who hate to delve after figures and statistics, it might be well to state a few

items regarding Manchuria. It is already known that the land of the Manchus is the home of warriors and ancient conquerors. The pigtail for many years was the omnipresent sign of the great conquest. It was imposed, by the victor, to remind the Chinese that the Manchus were "number one."

The entire territory of the three provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilungking is 367,000 square miles. The population, according to the Post Office estimate for 1923, is 22,083,434. Of this number, Fengtien claims 12,824,799. The population is not as dense as most of the provinces south of the Great Wall. Kwangtung, for instance, has 277 to the square mile, while Manchuria has only 41.

A Far Reaching Cut.—When the ladies in the States decided to cut their hair, they started something over here. In Chefoo alone, 16,000 out of 18,000 women employed in the hair-net industry are out of work.

Babel.—A whole lot of trouble began there. The other day one of the Fathers remarked, "*Que c'était malheureuse, la tour de Babel!*" During our recreations, we give a few informal lessons to our confreres, in the English tongue. Never before did we realize the inconsistencies of English pronunciation as they appear to a person of another nationality. We are reminded of the response of Johnny to the teacher's question, "What is zinc?"



AFTER MASS

At the Cathedral, Mukden, Manchuria. Fr. Lamasse, P. F. M., a priest of the vicariate, is the architect of this splendid church

"OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT" IS

The names of Maryknoll founders will be perpetuated.

"The French pronunciation for think," replied the youngster.

Our similarities with a difference are confusing to them as they are often to ourselves. We tried to translate this one of them the other day and they got the point, because, fortunately, *grand'mère* and *grammaire* are not too unlike in their own language: "Where's your pencil?" asked the marm.

"I ain't got none," replied the youth.

"Dear, dear, where's your grammar?"

"She's dead," came the answer.

Out of the maze of Chinese sounds and tones, we are beginning to recognize something that looks like a language—and we live in hopes. The first ten years are the worst, we are told.

Faces.—"There's no art to tell the mind's construction in the face." This is doubly true of the Chinese face. It behooves the newcomer to be wary, for behind the question as to how much *Shan Foo* (the Father) paid for his shoes may be the sinister shadow of a request for an increase in salary. Inquisitiveness exists for its own sake here, but, oftener, there is a cryptic motive in the innocent question. If not, why should such questions as these be asked in all simplicity: "What was in the important letter which the *Shan Foo* just read?" "How much pay did the *Shan Foo* give his former teacher?" "How many dishes did the Fathers have for dinner today?" "What did the Monsignor say about the qualities of *Shan Foo's* teacher?"

A VATICAN DEPARTURE CEREMONY

MISSION Sisters of the world must envy the band of forty-seven Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who had the privilege of having His Holiness Pius XI preach their departure sermon.

It was hardly a formal sermon. It was a farewell message of the most fatherly tenderness. In a hall of the Vatican, His Holiness was introduced individually to each of the remarkable group by His Eminence Cardinal Bonzano.

There were nine Sisters for



FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY
The entire group left Europe recently for foreign fields

Colombo in Ceylon, four for Ceylon leper asylums, some for Coimbatore, Bombay, and other Indian missions, two for Shanghai, one for Peking, eight for Hankow, and a large group for other parts of inland China. There were groups for Mongolia and Manchuria. His Holiness gave each a medal, and then, from his throne, addressed the white-robed gathering.

The Holy Father wants missionaries, great bodies of them, the world is coming ever more and more to realize. There is a ring in his call, a practicalness in his thought on the question.

"What is the world?" he said to these Sisters. "The whole earth is very small, and, compared to the universe, is only a house of God in which we are the children. You are always and everywhere in this paternal house."

"We are happy to tell you our satisfaction at seeing you respond so generously and in such great numbers to the call of Our Lord, but it is by hundreds, by thousands, that we desire to see missionaries when we reflect that there are countries of the world, each with two hundred, three hundred,

and even four hundred millions of infidels. It would take hundreds of thousands to carry Christ to the millions of souls living still in the shadows of error.

"May God bless you!" His Holiness ended. "May He bless all your efforts, your fatigues; may He multiply, as He only can, all the fruits of your apostolate; may He make ever stronger your ardor and your zeal! We say to you, as did Tobias to his son, 'May the angels accompany you!' Farewell! Farewell!"

Thoughts From Modern Martyrs

Selections from the letters of three young missioner-martyrs of the past century, with brief sketches of their lives.

As bracing as the wind upon the mountain tops are these thoughts! No one can read this little book without being greatly edified by its truly Christian spirit and the courage, spirituality, and love it reveals in these heroes of the Cross.—*The Lamp*.

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Nest Eggs



PROPAGANDA work for **THE FIELD AFAR** is being constantly pushed. This is necessary to offset the well-meaning but too busy subscribers who neglect a renewal, not because they are dissatisfied with the magazine, but for the simple reason, as they later tell us, that they "just didn't get round to it."

With a subscription list of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, it is no easy task to keep "tickling" the delinquents; and we are forced to maintain a steady drive for subscriptions and renewals. This is done by several Maryknoll priests who speak on Sundays in the churches of various dioceses. Thanks to the welcome accorded us by various pastors, we have been able to hold our own. It is now our aim to make the list one hundred and fifty thousand by Christmas.

WEKANDUIT—WEVEDONIT

SOME years ago—not many—the students of Trinity College for women at Washington, D. C., hit on an original means of raising money for missions. The girls interested offered to serve their companions for a price—the price to meet various mission needs.

The movement developed rapidly, and a small army of waiters, shoe shiners, cleansers, and hair dressers, soon "told the world" what small sacrifices cheerfully made for great purposes can accomplish.

Today it is the great pleasure of Maryknoll to acknowledge that the Wekanduits who started to build a five-thousand-dollar burse

have done it. May God bless them!

The notable gift list prepared for last month includes several annuities, one of \$5,000 for a priest. This is the only large, four-figure amount; but there are many gratifying endeavors of thoughtful interest—for example, \$300 for the support of a missionary in the field; \$250 for that of a student in the seminary; \$100 for a catechist.

Wills surprise us by the number. As a rule, we get small sums, but these come from entire strangers, not a few of whom live far from the eastern coast. The monthly total for six estates was \$1,900.

Please pray for the souls of the following: Rt. Rev. Msgr. James A. Coan, Rev. Gabriel Bostany, Rev. John V. Moylan, Rev. Joseph A. Boyle, Mother Angela of the Presentation, Sister Mary of the Holy Infant, Sister Eucharist, Annie Foody, Mrs. Margaret Hale, Mrs. Dorothy Corliss, Mrs. Delia Brophy, Dan Breslin, John B. Roscoe, Mrs. Mary I. Clarks, Nora Chisholm, Mary Lucia Fitzhenry, Mrs. Mary Reilly, Elizabeth A. Pelletier, Anthony Maya, Margaret Sweeney, Mrs. John Heger, Mrs. Longobardi, Mrs. Loxterman, Catherine Kathmai, Emma B. Gillen, Mrs. Mary E. Beglan, Margaret Walsh, Sylvester G. Bryan, Mrs. Ellen Fleming, Dr. William J. Smith, Nellie Loftus, Elizabeth Lynch, Mrs. F. M. Kenney, Mrs. L. Nick, Catherine J. Dunne, William P. Nolan, John McDonough, Cassie Nolan, Edward Carr, John Howard, E. Mitchell, Mrs. M. Huesmaun, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Shannahan, Mrs. Magdalen Graf, Mary C. Murphy, Agnes Hanley, F. P. McGowan, Mrs. Mary A. Lauinger, Alexander Cameron, Mrs. M. Brann.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Christian Science—

By John E. Graham; the Precious Blood, by Richard F. Clarke, S. J.; Catholicism and Reason, by Hon. Henry C. Dillon; Mère Marie Madeline Postel, by M. R. Hoste. International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$0.05.

Mangled Hands—

By Neil Boynton, S. J. Benziger Brothers, N. Y. Net, \$1.25.

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I have never read a better magazine.—*Calif.*

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I will let something go before I shall "fall down" on the magazine.—*N. Y.*

Just put me down for five years, for I consider your magazine a great one.—*N. J.*

I feel that you do not charge enough for that valuable magazine.—*R. I.*

Someone kindly sent me your magazine several months ago, and, to show you how much we like it, we are giving five subscriptions.—*Mont.*

I can't deny myself all pleasure in this sad world of debts and dinners; so I enclose my postoffice order for another year's enjoyment of **THE FIELD AFAR**.—*S. C.*

THE FIELD AFAR is responsible for my acquiring a desire to help the missions. With pleasure I am enclosing a money order for \$10.—*Mass.*

Enclosed find a small birthday present, \$2, which, on account of its size (too small) is forwarded only because I enjoy **THE FIELD AFAR** so much and because it makes a small gift seem so welcome.—*Wash.*

I passed on my last **FIELD AFAR** to a friend before I had a chance to read it. I trust that you can send me another copy since I should miss not reading every number of your splendid magazine.—*N. Y.*

After reading **THE FIELD AFAR**, one always feels an added pleasure in trying to serve the Divine Master, and efforts that heretofore seemed difficult prove easy when stimulated by its many wholesome and inspiring thoughts.—*Pa.*

You do not know that I am a Protestant, but I assure you that I am. I have had your very interesting paper for two years and doubt if I shall ever allow the subscription to lapse. The paper is not only instructive, but it abounds in good nature.—*Mich.*

Enclosed is my check for \$5 for one year's subscription to **THE FIELD AFAR**. I am aware that your subscription is only \$1, but I feel the magazine is well worth what I am paying for it.

I consider your publication a post-graduate course on the sociology of oriental peoples and I find each number of absorbing interest.—*N. Y.*

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Deceased: Rev. Abraham McNamara; Madame Maria Young; Ann, James, and Mary Wheatley; Patrick McTigue; Madeline J. Grimes; Margaret Breen; Mrs. Emma Regina Gass; Cornelius Cain; Edward and Alice Cavanaugh; Daniel Joseph O'Keefe; James McCormick; Michael and Bridget Rigney and deceased members of family; Patrick M. Hennessy; Jacob and Margaretha Heck; Fred Schroeder; Bronislava Janowska; Martin F. Curtin; Catherine Mooney; Patrick Mooney; Maurice Hackett; James McCormick; deceased relatives of Mrs. E. J.

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Newark— (Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	110.00 (also Masses)
New York— (Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	156.76
Philadelphia— (Through Soc. for Prop. Faith).....	30.00
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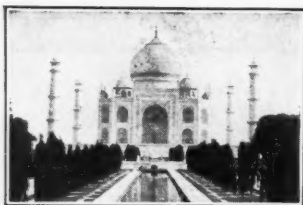
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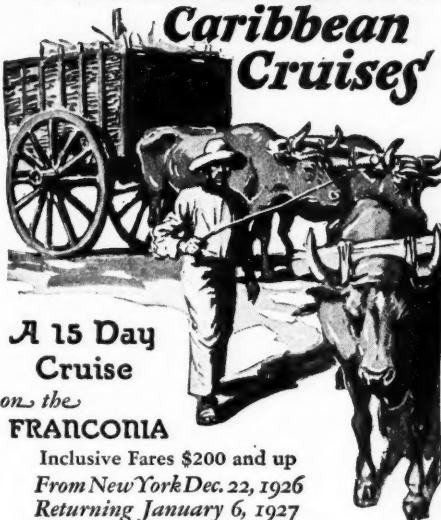
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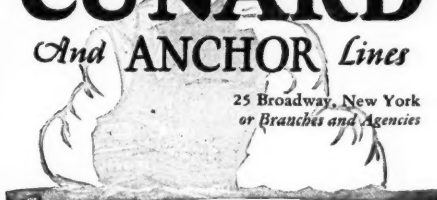
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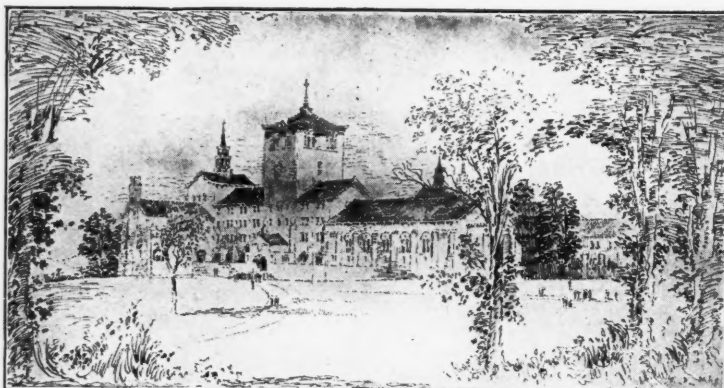
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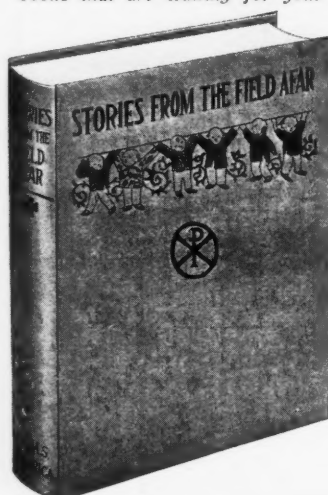
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